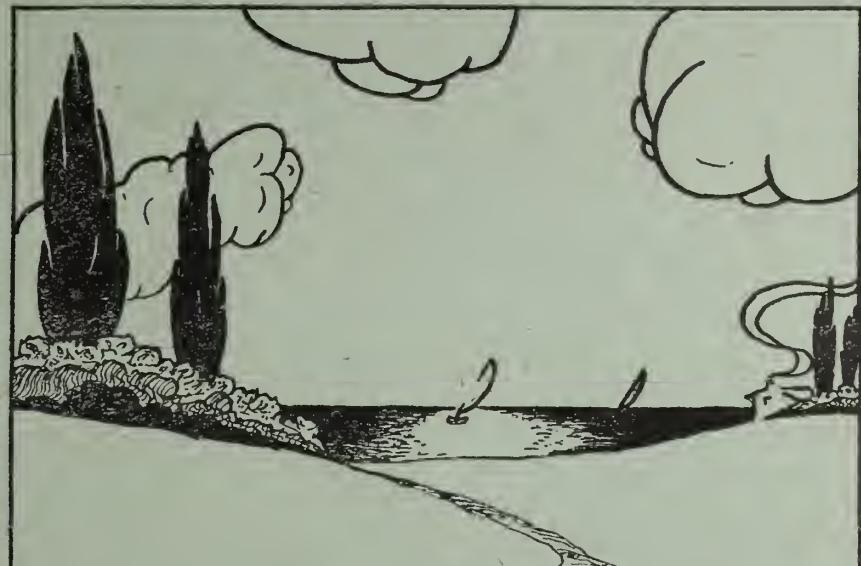


# RECORD



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# ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL RECORD

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Volume XXXVIII

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No. 6

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April, 1923

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*Published by the STUDENTS of the BOSTON ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL*

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## Clock Watching

One of the most wasteful of all habits, and one which is unfortunately all too common, not only in school but everywhere, is what is commonly known as *clock-watching*. It is entirely a waste of time, serving no useful purpose whatever.

Punctuality is undoubtedly a good thing, but have you noticed that the man who prides himself on his punctuality is usually the man who will wait idly for the starting whistle, take a full hour for lunch, and stop work immediately at the sound of the closing whistle? And have you noticed also the man who gets to work a little early, does what he has to do, takes only as much time as he needs at noon and stays a little late at night to finish what he is doing—have you noticed that he is the man who is promoted when a vacancy occurs, and not the man who needlessly wastes time glowering at the clock to make sure he is not over-working?

Some boys seem to believe that, because school starts officially at nine and closes at quarter to three, they must not be there before nine nor after quarter to three (except, of course, when detained). But accidents will happen, and to the boy who plans on getting to school just in time for the bell a delay of a few minutes is serious. Then there is the boy who may not have gotten his lesson, but rather than stay a few minutes later he leaves punctually at two-forty-five. Such fellows do not realize that constant glances clockward during the day can do nothing to speed up time; the session will continue to be five and three quarters hours long in spite of continual gazing at the clock on the part of certain students. And that this gazing is not only useless, but harmful, may be attested to by anyone who has

been caught by a sudden question in such inattention, or who has lost the point of an entire lesson because he missed one brief but important fact.

Practically every present student of this school will some day have to earn his own living. He will find that there is no place anywhere in the business or professional world for a clock-watcher. Imagine a man leaving the car he was driving in the middle of the street at six o'clock—or stopping while making an important business deal—because it was quitting time—or trying an important case in court, and leaving it for dinner—or stopping in the middle of a serious operation in order to be available during his “office hours?” Ridiculous, is it not? But a habit, one of the easiest things to get into, is also one of the most difficult to get out of. The time to break away from the habit of clock-watching, the time to determine to get your work done regardless of clocks, the time to resolve to be not merely punctual, is *now*.

J. H. M.

## Then or Now

The world is King Tut-crazy. He (King Tut) has put Coué out of the running and put batique scarfs and gowns, and long earrings, very much in. He is the feature of many feature sections. They say his possessions and various little trinkets are above price, and perhaps they are, but the thing that interests me most, connected with King Tutankhamen is the fact that he was just a young fellow, like the rest of us.

Now to switch from Tut to English High or, for that matter, to any high school. It is a fact, take the word of an authority for it, that a good many folks can't reconcile themselves to the present. It's “those were the happy days,” or “those days are gone forever,” for a number of people. Here's one example: A fellow takes a look at one or two of the many photographs of the cadet regiments of years ago, drawn up in review formation. Their gold braid is glorious, their dinky caps are smart, their blue jackets are neat and close-fitting, and the magnificent white “ducks” set off the whole. The fellow, as I said before, takes one look and sighs. “Them were the happy days,” (this is of course not a senior, for the grammar is very bad), “these things they call uniforms now are—” and you can guess the rest.

Behold another, who also lives in the “good old” days of long ago. An old gentleman, toasting his toes by the fire, sings of thirty or more years ago; sings of streets without the danger, clatter, and evil smell of the “horseless carriage”, of milk thrown to the pigs, of eggs and butter almost given away. It almost makes *me* sigh for the “good old” times.

If we are to take, without a grain of salt, the chant of the old-timers, we must believe that the farther we go into the dim past, the sweeter life becomes. Life in Tutankhamen's time, proceeding from this premise, must have been little short of heaven.

Now to try and convince some of these “bygone day boys” that our own little year in our own little century is not so bad, not so bad.

In the first place, the fellow who gave that picture of martial perfection the up and down, did not see the worthy cadets on a muddy, wet day. *Then* the magnificent white ducks, (really the major part of the uniform), would have been truly a sorry sight, and every last cadet in the regiment, colonel,

majors, captains, and all, would have looked strikingly like the last rose of summer.

The old gentleman by the fire, of course, should know what he's talking about. He was right there when it happened. But he forgot a few little things. He forgot that automobiles have increased the efficiency of the nation many times over what it was when a "gas buggy" was an event. He forgot that when milk was being fed to the swine, and butter and eggs were as good as given away, ten dollars a week was the usual wage even for a man with a big family.

And as for life being heaven in Tutankhamen's time, it more nearly approached a position diametrically opposite that place. When the young king wished to take a bath, water was, of course, never thought of. Rich and expensive oils were used in the place of good soap and water. And still he probably thought he was the cleanest thing in the kingdom. People dumped their garbage out the front window, principally because there was no window in the back. The streets, you may imagine, were a delight. The paving stones were strewn over the roads with an eye rather more to the artistic effect than to the efficiency of the cobbles. Fever and disease, in such an environment, were common occurrences, and the people exercised after breakfast by starting little wars each morning and killing off a few worthless citizens. Oh yes, those were the happy days!

After this, let's live in the present and turn a deaf ear to those who don't, secure in the knowledge that we live in the best old year in the best old century—so far.

—W.C.B.

#### ANNOUNCING THE BLUE AND BLUE PROM FRIDAY, APRIL 27—CHATEAU DANSANT

There are two great events in the life of every high school boy. One is graduation. The other is the class dance.

The dance this year bids fair to be the most elaborate and enjoyable function ever held under student auspices. It was decided by the dance committee that this year's jollification be called the "Blue and Blue Prom", because it will be really more than a dance. The program will consist of numbers of real joymaking enthusiasm raisers. You ought to see those prizes for the balloon dance, the elimination dance, and what not. Who's decorating the hall? Why our own Charlie Cronos of course. And if the little old Chateau doesn't turn out to be a veritable Japanese garden under his hands, it won't be his fault.

It is not necessary to be able to dance to have a good time at the Prom. The program is too varied to allow anyone to be neglected. So whether you dance or not, make up your mind that a good time awaits you. See you at the Prom!

\* \* \* \* \*

#### SHORT STORY CONTEST

We are pleased to announce that the winner of the short story contest which was announced in the January issue of the Record is Olliver W. Dobson, '24. His story, "The Puccini Case," appears on another page of this issue. The contest was very close, and it was with difficulty that the judges made a decision. However, they believe that the winning story was fairly entitled to the award.

The Record wishes to take this opportunity to thank Messrs. Allen, Cady, and Loveland of the faculty for giving generously of their time, and for their painstaking efforts in selecting the winner of the contest.

## THE PUCCINI CASE

*By Olliver W. Dobson '24*

The Hon. Joel Hutchinson leaned back in his padded arm-chair and gazed thoughtfully at a small, pink letter. Such distinctly feminine letters were seldom found in his mail. Then, they were only silly notes from fawning women who wished to share his palatial mansion on Briar Hill. His wife had died suddenly the year before and left him griefstricken. Since then, positive that no one could ever supplant her in his affection, he had grown more morose and irritable every day, and finally forsaking society entirely, he had shut himself up in his great, lonely home, leaving his extensive law practice to his partners.

The Hon. Joel Hutchinson had been the most brilliant lawyer in the country. The scion of the Hutchinsons, one of the oldest families, he had early showed promise as an orator, and gaining year by year in experience and wisdom he had become, at middle age, the foremost barrister in the country. Now, all his hard earned honors cast aside, he spent his days deep in study, his nights lost in thoughts of his dear, deceased wife. Only official correspondence reached his hands. All communication with the outside world was forbidden, and his old secretary, doubly vigilant because of his master's irritability, rarely allowed such a missile as this pink letter that smelled faintly of crushed violets, to reach him. With a grim smile he tossed it towards his waste-basket and turning back to his desk began to read. He tried to concentrate, but that little pink letter was still uppermost in his thoughts. Impatiently he turned and saw it laying on the floor, face up. He picked it up, tore open the envelope and read:

"For the sake of justice, please

allow me to speak alone with you in your study this evening."

There was no signature. It was written in an agitated, feminine hand. Hutchinson mused awhile at this unusual request, then tossing the letter again into the basket, he turned back to his reading.

That evening, according to orders, the puzzled secretary ushered a young girl into the spacious library and seated her before his master. The white haired lawyer regarded her intensely for a moment, then his gaze relaxed and he smiled for the first time since his bereavement. The girl, a beautiful young Italian, threw herself on her knees before him and wept bitterly. The lawyer tried to comfort her and finally she told him her story.

In a cold stone prison cell, on an iron cot, sat a young Italian sculptor condemned to die. His long, slender fingers clutched and picked at the tattered coverlet. His brain whirled, the cell seemed closing and receding before his swimming eyes. His ears were filled with a roaring sound, now loud, now dying away in the distance. Condemned to die! His mouth was dry and parched, his tongue swollen, he moved like an automaton and dimly wondered why he could still move. But always those words rang in his ears, "Condemned to die." Sometimes consciousness would return to him. Then, he could hear in the distance the clacking of wheels as the elevated trains rushed by; the tooting of auto horns, the rush of many feet, those sounds that once seemed so commonplace, that now would soon cease forever for him. In a mad fit he whirled around his little cell, clutching at the barred window, tearing at the cold stones with his

bleeding fingers, pounding his head against the iron door that barred his way to freedom. Spitting, always spitting, like a madman, whirling, leaping, hurling his bruised body to the floor, hiding under the cot from imaginary assassins, advancing, begging on his knees to them, to end his misery, then to see them disappear in thin air, till exhausted he lay on the cold stone floor; while the golden sunlight fell in a still, barred square upon that dirty floor covered with spit and blood, and the rush of many feet and the noises of life went on undisturbed outside.

When his torn and bleeding limbs refused to move, his mind went on more sanely and he thought once more of his sunny Italy and imagined himself again a child playing amidst the happy squalor of his home. He thought again of his quiet manhood and how he had amazed the ignorant villagers with his images of clay. Then he felt again his first love for Camille, the inn keeper's daughter. He remembered their flight to America from her irate father; the first days spent in a feverish search for work, the thrill of his first job as a sculptor's assistant, then his joy when they praised him for his statue molded in private. He remembered how he had hired a studio of his own and had bought Camille every thing she desired. Then he saw again his first meeting with Mrs. Ryan, how she had bothered him with amorous advances, even after he had protested his love for Camille, his young wife. Then came the day when he had carried the statuette to her house and had found her dying on the floor. And he had been accused by her husband of the foul murder. How he hated that man. He seemed to see him before him; he sprang towards that cruel face,

but it faded away, and the cold gray empty walls leered back at him.

Only a few more days of life! Life? what did it mean now to him? Only tortures. What would Camille do alone? The thought maddened him and he struggled again with the unresisting bars, beat upon the floor, strained at the door until his temples were beating. Spitting, always spitting! And while his fever increased he prayed and cursed, until the poor jailer, quaking in fear, threatened to shoot him, but had not the courage. Outside, a merry hand-organ spread cheerfulness, to the folks hurrying home with contented thoughts of supper. As night came on a stupor settled over him. His limbs were numb with the coldness of the death that was fast enveloping him. Only the sound of his spitting broke the deathlike silence.

The old secretary, as he retired, glanced into the library. The lawyer and the young girl, the white head close to the brown, still talked on. Finally the lawyer leaned back in his chair, and pursing his lips, mused awhile. Then, he arose and placing his hand reassuringly on the girl's shoulder, said, "Camille, I think we can save him." He ushered her out himself, then returned and busied himself with his papers and books until a late hour.

A day or so later, as the old lawyer sat at breakfast with the "Herald" propped before him, he smiled grimly over this paragraph:

"The Puccini case has been brought before the Supreme Court on a motion for retrial. Hon. Joel Hutchinson has undertaken the defense of Virginio Puccini, a noted young sculptor, accused of the murder of Mrs. M. Ryan, the well-known society leader, wife of 'Iron John' Ryan. As the lower court returned

a verdict of 'guilty in the 1st degree,' on the grounds of the damning evidence of Puccini's finger-prints that were found about the room and on the knife, it seems that lawyer Hutchinson is attempting the impossible."

A few days later he smiled even more grimly over this little paragraph:

"The Puccini case has been granted a new trial on the grounds of new evidence. As the judges were unanimous in their decision to retry this case it seems that the new evidence must be sensational. If Lawyer Hutchinson is successful he will add more laurels to his already phenomenal career. And yet all those who have followed this case feel that an attempt to free Puccini is an attempt at the impossible."

On the day of the new trial the jailers brought Puccini, his high-strung nerves weakened by his imprisonment, to the courtroom and seated him in the prisoner's cage. He stared stupidly at everyone, seeming to recognize no one. Camille sat near him, her lovely eyes dimmed by tears as she saw his bruised body. John Ryan sat alone, apart from the rest, staring at the ceiling.

The prosecuting attorney introduced the same evidence that had condemned Puccini before. He showed the knife with the fingerprints of Puccini, etc.

Lawyer Hutchinson asked if he might examine it. The case seemed hopeless. Ryan was beginning to smile now. Camille looked anxiously toward Hutchinson. A murmur rose and fell in the court room, then all was quiet again.

Every eye was fixed on Lawyer Hutchinson as he rose slowly to his feet. He tossed his leonine head, looked long at the prisoner, who was staring stupidly at his torn and bruised hands, then he turned slowly toward the

judge and began his momentous defense. "Gentlemen," he paused impressively, looked at the judge then turned toward the jury, "Do not be impressed by this false evidence. If your minds are already made up to condemn this innocent man, then you are making a terrible mistake and you are obstructing the fair course of justice. Justice is what we stand here for and justice is what we must mete out. You have just now heard a pretty story, tinted a little by the eloquence of the prosecuting attorney. Now close and forget that evidence as you would a satisfying book. Rest your minds a moment so that they may be fresh to weigh my evidence carefully. Not that my evidence is weak and built upon false eloquence, for it can stand the stormy assaults of the truth and fact, but I don't wish to take any unfair advantage, for you may be tired with the case and anxious to end it; and wearied by my seemingly endless talk, you may give me and my worthy client the benefit of the doubt and free him of the charge. That is not what I want. I demand justice! If, when I am through, the mirror of your fair minds reflects the truth in my words and you see that the course of justice lies in freeing this man, then free him! But if perchance you feel that justice demands his death, then condemn him!"

Thus spoke lawyer Hutchinson. He told of the many troubles of poor Puccini. He told of his attempt to quell Mrs. Ryan's amorous advances. Then his voice became hard. He turned toward Ryan, then toward the jury. "Let me tell you a story," he said. "There was once a man who had a bad record, but because of his wealth, his past had been hushed up and his underhand tricks had been concealed. He had married a young

girl. She did not love him, but her parents forced her to marry him for pecuniary reasons. Soon after the wedding she met a young Italian sculptor with whom she fell in love. He was an honorable fellow and though he admired her, he attempted to repel her advances of love, for he had married a young girl of his own race. The husband of this woman, jealous of the success of the young sculptor and jealous of his wife's love for him, conceived a brilliant idea. One day he went with his wife, supposedly to see a bust that the young man was then modeling, but purposely to obtain the imprints of his fingers. These were soon found on a bit of clay and leaving the studio and going to a small shop of shady reputation, he had a rubber stamp made bearing the sculptor's fingerprints. Later learning that the sculptor was bringing a statuette to the house, he determined to execute his plan then. When he heard the butler admit the sculptor, he stabbed his wife, stamping the finger prints of the unfortunate fellow upon the knife and on various articles in the room. Of course, when the young sculptor saw the woman lying on the floor, he rushed to her and when the police, led by the villainous husband came into the room, they saw him bending over her. Then seeing the fingerprints upon the knife, they took him to prison. Later in the courts they condemned the poor innocent man to death."

He paused and pointed toward the prisoner, who, aroused from his lethargy

was biting his nails and looking eagerly at the jury.

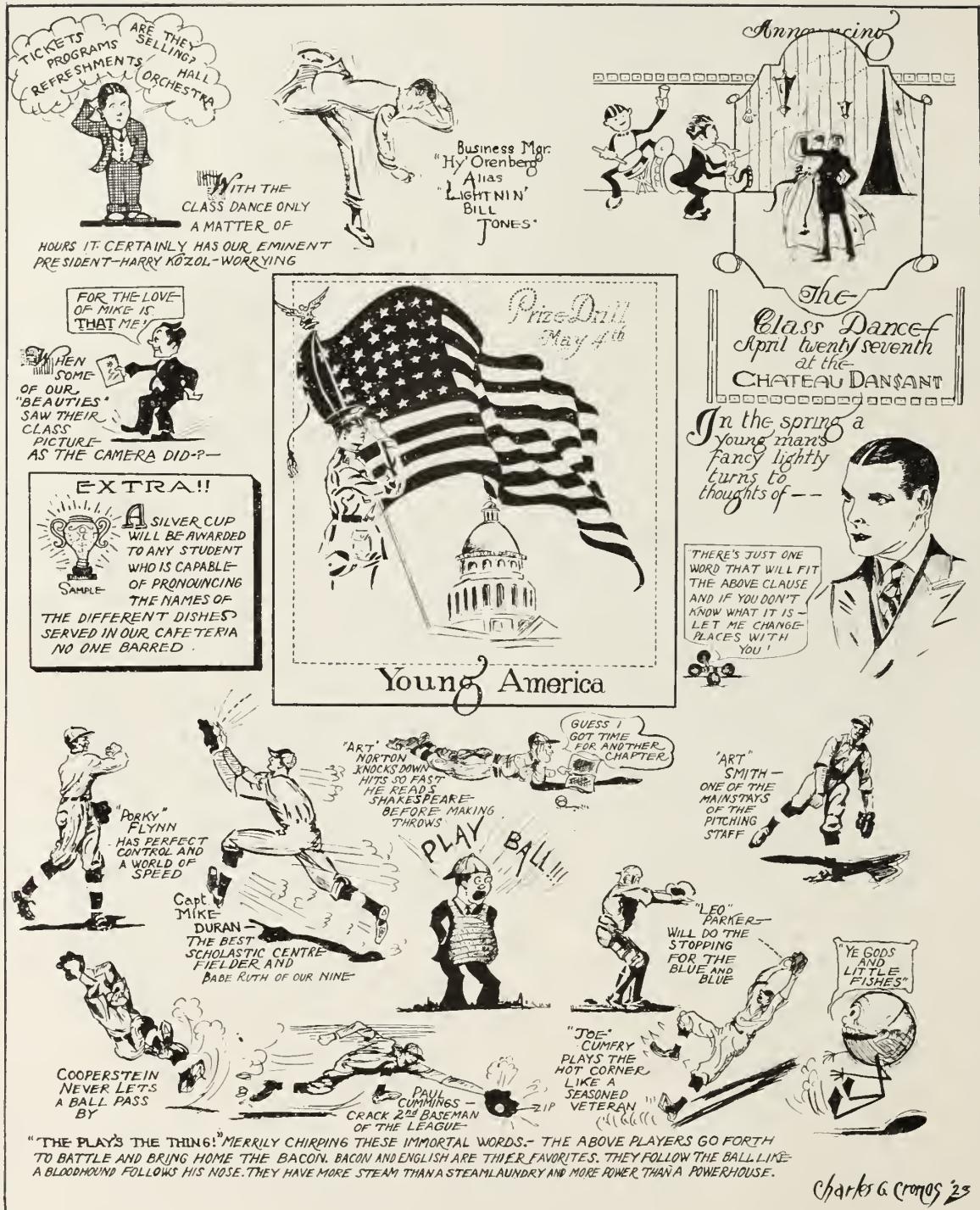
"There," he cried, "sits the young sculptor, an innocent man."

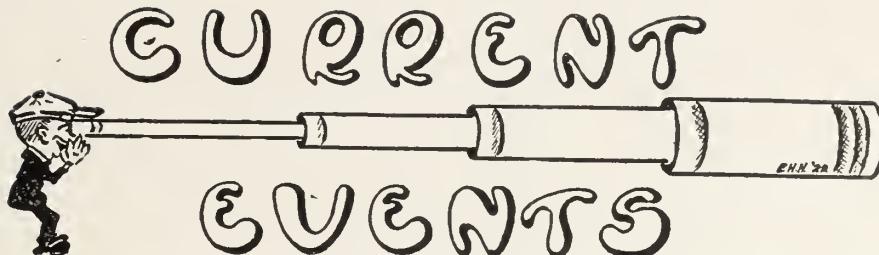
Then he turned fiercely toward Ryan, whose livid, twitching face and palsied limbs foretold his guilt. "There"! he thundered, "sits the murderer"! He sat down. There was silence, everyone was amazed. Outside, in the summer sunlight a hand organ was playing "America," and that hymn of liberty swelled through the silent courtroom.

The prosecuting attorney was the first to break the silence. He rose and made a motion that the defendant be discharged. The judge instructed the jury to return a verdict of "not guilty." This they did without leaving their box, and Puccini was free!

At first he could not appreciate his good fortune. He stared expectantly at his lawyer, his chest heaving, and his face lit up. Hutchinson rushed to him and shook both his hands. Camille, his pretty wife, threw her arms about his neck. They clung to each other and sobbed with joy. Then their arms twined together, they walked out of the court room following the beaming lawyer. As the door swung open, Puccini looked back. Ryan sat, deserted, cringing in his chair. The prosecuting attorney was whispering with the judge. A big, burly policeman was advancing with open hand cuffs toward the cringing Ryan. Then the door swung back. The happy trio passed through the grim portals into the glorious sunlight.







# CURRENT EVENTS

## MAIN BUILDING

### SCHOOL COUNCIL

The first meeting of the School Council after the February vacation took place in the library on March 5.

A motion was passed requesting all boys who have made three athletic letters to wear their letters at least once a week during the school year.

Discussion on the appointment of standing committees was postponed indefinitely.

A vote of commendation was extended to all those who helped in the extinguishing of a slight fire in the basement a few weeks ago. Special commendation was given to Corporal Flight, Room 158, whose cool-headedness when on patrol duty probably saved a lot of confusion.

A meeting of the room councillors was held in the library on Monday, March 12. Donoghue and Fishman of the School Council explained the action taken by the School Council for the promotion of athletic interest in the school. Nat Barrows, originator of the plan whereby letter men wear their letters once a week, then addressed the assembly, making an eloquent appeal for a more united effort to put E. H. S. athletics where they ought to be.

\* \* \* \* \*

### CURRENTS EVENTS CLUB

On February 26, Mr. Winston, of the faculty gave a long and interesting talk on conditions in America to-day, from a pessimist's point of view.

Mr. Joy was the principal speaker of the meeting on March 5. His subject was, "Germany as I saw it." His narration of humorous incidents arising from the depreciation of the mark, lent his address a personal touch, and made it a most interesting talk.

\* \* \* \* \*

### FRENCH CLUB

As prophesied in the last issue of the Record, the German Club was the forerunner of the French Club.

The officers of the new club, as elected at the first meeting on February 28, are as follows:

*President*—Alfred S. Reinhart

*Vice President*—Carol C. Osgood

*Secy—Treas.*—S. T. Silver

A program committee composed of Silver and Whitten was appointed. Reines, Werby, and Doyle were requested to serve as a constitutional committee.

The second meeting of this club was held on March 7, in Room 102. The secretary's report was read in French. A constitution was adopted and it was de-

cided that the club would be known as "Le Cercle Francais." Mr. Senesae addressed the club in French.

Among the speakers who will address the club soon are Messrs. Ward, Wilson, and Tenney of the faculty.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### GERMAN CLUB

We wish to correct a mistake made in last month's "Record." S. E. Levin is the secretary of the German Club, not J. Levine.

A dialogue in German between two club members. Magidson and Segal was the introductory feature of the club meeting on March 5.

Mr. Grant, through whose efforts the club is fast becoming a success, read some of Heine's poems in German. J. Brem then spoke on "Heine's Last Days," after which letters from Germany were discussed.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### SOPHOMORE ASSEMBLY

On March 8, 1923, a Sophomore Assembly was held in the Assembly Hall. Mr. Downey opened the meeting at 9.10 a. m. with the reading of the Bible. The attention of the boys was called to the numerous opportunities offered to English High School boys in the business field in and around Boston. Mr. Downey then introduced Mr. Robert Amory, President of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers. Mr. Amory gave a very entertaining and interesting talk on the "Qualifications of an Export Salesman." Mr. Amory very forcefully brought out the qualities that an export salesman must possess in order to be a true, live and successful salesman. Some of the qualities mentioned were salesmanship ability and special training. Mr. Amory gave a few examples of stock boys rising to the position of clerks and from clerks to export salesmen. "Good penmanship, accuracy, and good salesmanship ability are the most important factors in determining a successful export salesman," Mr. Amory stated. The boys were advised to begin at the bottom of an industry and to work their way up. A tremendous applause must have convinced Mr. Amory of the thorough appreciation of his talk by the boys. Assisted by the band, the orchestra played some very fine selections and received great applause. The meeting closed at 9.40 a. m.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### E. H. S. BAND

The Band is coming along in great shape. Big things are expected of it, and to show the confidence Mr. Connell has in the band, they are soon to be heard over the radio from the Shepard Stores.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE SCHOOL BANK

The deposits to March 2 are \$2820.97. This is a net gain of \$1755.85 or 65% over the same period (October 1—February 28th), of last year.

The Home Savings Bank has placed a fine new bulletin board, 17 by 26, in the second corridor opposite the school bank. This board contains the ledger accounts of two former E. H. S. boys. One started ten years ago, April 10, 1912, with a deposit of \$3.00. This account on December 15, 1922, was credited with a balance of \$1368.38. The second account was also opened April 10, 1912, but with \$7.00. It now amounts to \$1382.58.

HOW MUCH MONEY WILL YOU HAVE SAVED IN 1933?

## P. A. COLLINS

## TRACK

The meets are becoming harder and harder, yet the track men are weathering the attacks of stern competition and have come out ahead, especially Scott, Jackson, Feldstien, Greenwood, and King. Scott has placed in the broad jump in every city meet.

In the Commerce meet, the Freshmen scored  $12\frac{1}{2}$  points. Scott, Feldstien, Greenwood, Wolfson, Astor and Freedman placed. As no field events for juniors and intermediates were held in the Boston College High meet, we were at a disadvantage, being strongest in that line. Scott "old reliable" took third in the senior broad jump, and Cohen, third in the junior 50-yard dash. The most difficult track team to beat, that of Latin School, was defeated, assisted in good part by the Freshmen, who scored 12 points. Every point was secured in the field events. Johnson, who managed to squeeze in the fourth place in the shot put, ran as a member of the junior relay team, which equalled the record at the relay carnival on Saturday, March 9, at East Armory. King did very well, tying with Finn for first in the junior high jump. Here are the Freshman winners in the Latin meet:

Event	Place	Name	Points
Senior Broad Jump	2	Scott	3
Intermediate High Jump	tied for 2	Jackson	2
Junior High Jump	tied for 1	King	4
Junior Shot Put	3	Freedman	2
Junior Shot Put	4	Johnson	1
		Total	12

## HONOR ROLL -- SCHOLARSHIP

For the months of January and February there was a total of 62 boys on the honor roll. This is an increase of 14 over the preceding roll. Douglas Adams (12), Henry De Soto (7), and Nathan Waldman (4), led; each had four A's to his credit. There are not enough boys securing four A's, although there are many who *have* received good marks. There is some comfort in the fact that there *has* been an increase. The first two months only one boy obtained four A's; the second, two boys; and Rooms 12, 3, and 17 each have six on the roll. Rooms 9 and 4 have five. Graduates of the Wendell Phillips and Phillips Brooks have nine apiece on the roll.

Room 3 has dislodged Room 15 from leadership in room scholarship. This room held the position for the past two bi-monthly periods, by one point. Room 3 obtained a percentage of 32.8, and Room 15 a percentage of 32.7. Room 9 is third with 32.1 per cent.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two assemblies were held, one on Tuesday, March 6; another Friday, March 9. Both were held mainly for discussing ways of bettering our records in scholarship, attendance, and tardiness. Mr. Kershaw stated that we should look back to our poor marks and look forward to better ones. He also cautioned us to take care in selecting our course for next year. At the first meeting the school banner for scholarship was presented to Room 3.

## ALUMNI NOTES

There are very few people at school now who have never heard of "De Witt." Speed is Al's middle name. Listen to this—it's only a little of what Al was and now is—.

Al De Witt is the New England 220-yd. champion. In the E. H. S. Centenary he was Gourdin's runner-up in a classy field of 100-yd. speedsters. He came in second in the National Junior 220-yd. run. While at this school, he represented English at the Brockton Fair, and with Art. Kirley, Tyler, and Moore set up a record which is bound to stand for quite a while. He still holds the school record of 100 yards in 10 1-5seconds. He is one of the organizers of the Community A. A., which is the club of the leading colored athletes, and is the president of that society. He is the financial secretary of the Boston Political Association. And last, but not least, he is now married.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bill Tyler, one of the best all round track men English ever developed, is working up at the post-office now showing those birds up there speed with a capital "S." He and Al De Witt got married at the same time, the same place; in fact it was a double wedding. Now he's the custodian of the Community A. A.

\* \* \* \* \*

While perusing the pictorial revue in the Boston Traveler, I came across the picture of A. B. Maginnes. The same smile, the same happy-go-lucky fellow, in the same game. At school A. B. was one of the most popular chaps there. He played football, baseball, and was right there in the social circles. He is now the "Traveler" sports writer. After graduating from English he went to Lehigh University, and played in all sports there. He writes golf, tennis, and college football stories, and feature yarns on sports in general. Best of luck, "Mac."

\* \* \* \* \*

Abe Levy, the handsome vice president of last year's class is making good now. His energetic work and his smile soon made friends with everyone, and the result is that he is now on the advertising staff of Filene's.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lindsay B. Schell is one of English High's most active alumni. The same spirit of co-operation, and ability to work in unison with those about him marks him now as one of Boston's leading lawyers. He is secretary of his class, and it is largely through his efforts that his class has been termed the leading one of the Alumni. He is also secretary of the English High School Association.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack Kadetsky '99, now enjoys the position of being at the head of the largest dress manufacturing concern in New England. While at school, he was prominent in football and baseball. He is now married and has three sons, one of whom is now attending this school.

\* \* \* \* \*

Louie Levenson, '16 is prominent in newspaper circles, and very popular around Newspaper Row. While at school, he sold papers, and has progressed so rapidly since he graduated, that when the Boston Telegram needed a busy, energetic, live wire for circulation manager, they appointed Louie. He is advancing rapidly, so don't be surprised some of these fine mornings (?) to see Louis L. Levenson the big boy in connection with the Boston Telegram.

We note with interest that the members of the English High School class of 1922 who are attending Boston University Law School have organized a club to be known as the E. H. S. '22 club of B. U. David Greenberg is President of this organization, and Joseph Levco is secretary.

The aim of this body is to aid all future entrants to the school from E. H. S. Any student interested is invited to communicate with the Educational Committee of the club, of which Samuel Melinsky is chairman.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dr. Jack Grunt '14 is now renowned throughout the state as a skin specialist. He is a graduate of Harvard College and Harvard Medical School. Yes, it's true, his brother, the "speed boy" alias Danny, is said to take after him (?). He is married (no, not Danny, Danny would never do that) and now resides in Dorchester.

\* \* \* \* \*

Isadore J. Cohen '20 is now holding a high position in a wholesale hardware firm. At school, Izzy captured the Cumiston Prize, a Franklin medal, and numerous other honors. Not only that, but he was Assistant Sec'y of the E. H. S. Association, associate editor of the "Record", a captain in drill, and runner-up for Class President. Rumor has it that he is engaged. Lucky Girl (!) Well, go to it Izzy, and let the wedding bells peal out their joyous news.

\* \* \* \* \*

Willie Wasserman '22 is the holder of the junior broad jump record, and is now attending Tufts, where he has achieved the honor of being the leader in his class in scholarship.

\* \* \* \* \*

Morris Helman '13 was recently honorably discharged from service with two decorations.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alfred A. Schwab '14 is now junior partner of Schwab and Son, wholesale picture framers. After graduation he enlisted in the Marines, served in the World War, and was decorated for bravery in action. At school, he was a member of the football and track teams.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sid Meyers '22 who is now attending Tufts, was proclaimed by many sport writers as the best Freshman football guard in the state.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### JOHN F. CASEY

We sincerely regret the sickness with which John F. Casey, our 76-year-old head-master emeritus is stricken. He is under treatment at the Brooks Hospital, Corey Hill, Brookline. The latest reports received state that he is on the road to recovery. "May he be rapidly restored to his former robust health," is the ardent wish of the members of the staff, the faculty, the alumni, and the student body.



# AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING.

WITH APOLOGIES TO BRIGGS.

THAT  
I  
LOST  
MY  
LOCKER  
KEY

AFTER YOU THOUGHT  
YOU HAD LOST  
YOUR LOCKER KEY.



CHEATING  
THE  
LAUNDERER



IF WE  
COULD  
LOOK ACROSS THE AISLE  
AND SEE THIS, HOW MUCH  
STUDYING COULD WE ACCOMPLISH?

IN THE LIMELIGHT.



BERNARD WEINSTOCK '24



CHEATING  
THE  
BARBER



THE BOOKWORM

BOONG  
BOONG  
BOONG!

GEE! IT'S NINE  
O'CLOCK, I WISH  
IT WAS ONLY  
A QUARTER OF?

(1)

(2)

W-WH-WHAT DO  
YOU KNOW ONLY  
A QUARTER OF MY  
WISH CAME TRUE  
AFTER ALL!

I  
FAWISH  
WERE SO!



## HYMAN E. ORENBERG

*A man of many perfections is worth many men.*

Even if "Hy" isn't the reason why girls leave home, he's the reason why the Records leave E. H. S. Yezzir! Every first of the month finds him dashing thru our saintly corridors, wearing a worried look. Strangers would think he had the worries of the world on his noble dome. Well, he has! He's business manager of the Record. Nuff sed.

By the way, do you remember how almost all the seniors were dying (as it were) to get on the dance committee? Well Jasper, shake hands with the chairman of said committee. No, you dumbbell, not me. Hyman E. Orenberg.

Said chairman of said committee also sports three shiny, silvery buttons on his drill uniform.

Last year, Orenberg was a Stewdent Councillor. Which fact might account for the following incident.

Hy was spending the past summer down at a Connecticut farm, kidding himself along that he was having a good time.

One soft, balmy, peaceful, pleasant, etc. afternoon, he noticed a rather pretty dairymaid carrying a pail of milk.

"And how," said our hero with a bow, "is the milk maid?"

"'Taint' made, my good sir," she replied, "It comes from the cows."

Which reminds us of the time Hy took his best girl to a swell Back Bay hotel to dine.

Said his girl, "Hyman darling, here comes the waiter. Try some of the French, you told me you learned in Paris, on him."

Yelled the apple of our eye "Gass on! Gass on!"

Quoth the waiter, "No, sir, sorry sir, but we've only electric lights, sir."

Hy now studies Spanish.

\* \* \* \* \*

## BENJAMIN LEVENSON

*Sounding in moral virtue was his speech  
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.*

Benjamin Levenson is, my dear sirs, vice chairman of the Dance Committee. Get next to him, fellows.

Last year, Bennie was a Student Councillor.

This year, Bennie was a strong runner-up in the Senior class elections. He is one of the most popular fellows in the Class of '23.

One day, Bennie was asked by a certain science teacher, "Why is it, that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?"

On Levenson's face appeared a knowing smile.

"Why, that's easy, sir," quoth he. "That's because the same place isn't there any longer."

Another time he was asked by a different teacher, "What do you know about Czecho Slovakia?"

Said Ben, "It's hard to say, sir."

Which shows that our li'l Bennie really has some brains.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### AARON J. SOROKER

*Benign he was and wonder diligent,  
And in adversity full patient.*

"Archie" is the man of few "loves." Tennis "loves" we mean. "Love" is naught in tennis. Well, "Archie" has very few naughts. Still, he's always knotted up. Ha! ha! Joke.

Just about this time of year, we society people turn to thoughts of tennis. "Archie" being captain of the netmen (no, Rudolph, not fishermen, tennis players) we hereby enter him in our "oozoo".

With men like Soroker and his side-kick Golden, the Blue and Blue team is surely in for another championship team.

"Archie" certainly is a clever fellow. Why, the other day, while calling on his "personal friend", to take her to dinner, he ran into an old acquaintance.

"Why, where are you going?" asked the latter.

"I'm calling on my girl," said "Archie".

"Why the feed-bag?"

"Well, you see, I'm taking her out to dinner, and I heard that she eats like a horse, so I'm bringing her a feed-bag."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### LEO GOLDEN

*Singing he was and fluting all the day,  
He was as fresh as in the month of May.*

"Fresh" is the right word, by gum!

Since we started in writing up the tennis team, we cannot leave Golden out, and still go to sleep with a clear conscience.

Leo was the outstanding star of the team during the past two years. This is his third year on the team.

Last year he was acting captain of the team most of the year, because he was not really an elected captain to the team.

In the Harvard Inter-scholastic Tennis Tournament last year, Leo was the only fellow from E. H. S. to score any points.

He was a strong advocate of forming a Greater Boston Tennis League. The idea has been carried out.

Leo worked in a hardware store last summer.

One day a customer entered and asked, "Have you any cheap skates?"

"Wait a second," said Leo, "and I'll call the boss."

## CHARLES KAGAN

*He awoke one day to find himself grown famous.*

One snowy, wintry day, Charles Kagan entered English High School to find himself suddenly become the center of attraction. It was Kagan's ceaseless efforts that caused the Class picture, which usually takes over three months, to be assembled in the remarkably short time of four weeks.

Then Bob Whiteacre the chairman of the committee resigned, because he had no time to devote to the picture committee. As a reward for his good work Kagan took over his office. He deserves it, too.

Charles is religious. I wish I were as religious as Charles, for when he prays, he clasps his hands so tight in prayer, that he can't get them open when the collection box comes around.

Last night while visiting his "sweetie," he said, "Darling, a kiss is the language of love."

"Well," said she, "why don't you say something."

\* \* \* \* \*

## MAURICE STEINBERG

*Nor fame he slights, nor for her favors calls.*

Maurice Steinberg is chairman of the "eats" committee. God bless the "eats!" We can safely say, that there is not another fellow as capable of filling that position, in this school, as Maurice himself.

To show the kind of a fellow Steinberg is, let us recount an incident of his life. During the late war (perhaps some of you remember the war yet) Steinberg was selling Liberty Bonds. He sold one \$5000 bond. He was trying to sell another to Simon Hecht, the big wool merchant. For two days he kept after him, then, seeing him pass by in an auto, jumped in, and completed his sale.

Steinberg is an Eagle Scout. That is the highest honor a scout can attain! There are only about six of them in Boston!

He is also a captain in drill. Some boy, is Maurice, eh?

Steinberg used to study science, but he dropped it, claiming that the teacher insulted him.

"Why," we asked him, "how did the teacher insult you?"

"Well," he answered, "he said to the class, "We will now name some of the lower forms of animal life, beginning with Mr. Steinberg."

\* \* \* \* \*

## HENRY J. BENSEN, JR.

*Among his comrades popular  
And withal a leader.*

Bensen is one of the most popular fellows in the Senior Class. This is well shown by the fact that Benson lost out in the Senior Class election for secretary by only ten votes.

He is however, a member of the picture committee, and a pretty active member at that.

Oh, girls! Henry is a member of the Life Saving Corps. Yep! Look 'im ovah!

Henry nearly started a riot once in a game of whist. It happened this way.

Henry thought he saw one of the fellows cheating, so he said, "Say there, can't you play honestly. I know what cards I dealt you."

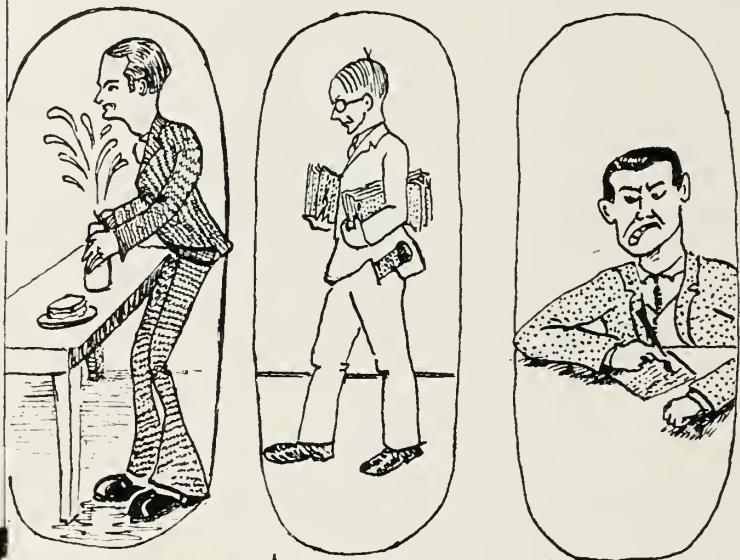
## Bug-house fables



"Mornin' boys. Yer teacher's sick. I'm the substitute"

P.A. Collins Blg.

## "Goat Grabbers"



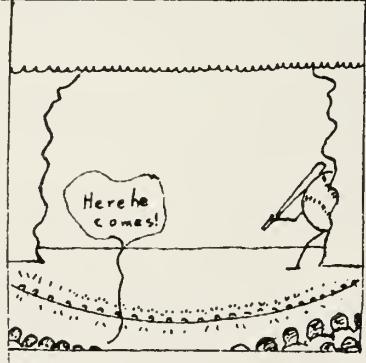
That stubborn milk cap

After writing a pen-  
alty 1000 or 83 times,  
the teacher forgets  
to collect it

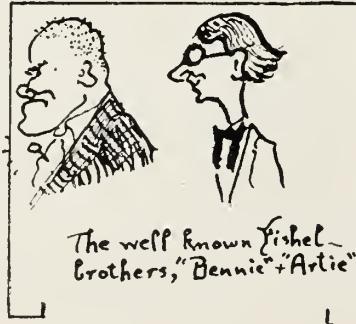
The fountain pen  
that always gets  
balky during a  
test



- The next day



Ed. Hahn



## WHO WON?

*By Benjamin Richman '24*

Bert Malton was a failure. Here he was, a young man of nineteen, not a cent in his pocket, and shunned by his fellow-men because he was ill dressed, and looked like a professional bum—he who the year before was worth five hundred thousand dollars in cold cash.

"Gee, but I'm hungry!" he muttered aloud.

"You sure look it, sonny," said a hearty voice behind him, "but if you want something to eat, just follow your Uncle Dudley."

Encouraged by his words, Bert looked the stranger over. He was a tall, rather stout fellow, with a sort of bluff and hearty way about him, with a face that seemed vaguely familiar.

"Oh!" Bert exclaimed with sudden recognition, "you're Jack Monley, mangaer of K.O. Crowley, welter-weight champion of the world! I've seen your picture in the paper a dozen times."

"Well, let's adjourn to a restaurant, sonny, and we'll talk things over there."

"You're on."

After finishing the meal, during which Bert ate like a ravenous wolf, Monley broached the plan he had in mind from the moment he had met the boy.

"See here, I spotted you for a fighter from the first. You've got the build, you look husky and healthy, and you seem to be all there with the goods. Am I right in supposing that you've nothing else on hand? How do you like the game?"

Bert brightened up instantly at this. He had always been interested in boxing, and knew himself to be no mean hand at it.

"Give me some details," he said.

Monley gave them, and after a half hour's discussion, Bert said briefly:

"You're on."

For three months, Bert trained day and night under the tutorship of no less a personage than K. O. Crowley himself. Crowley, a blond, pleasant-faced young fellow of twenty-three, with the general build of Bert, took to the newcomer at once, and their acquaintanceship ripened into more than a warm friendship. They were kindred spirits.

For three months Bert toiled, and at the end of that time Crowley announced with satisfaction, that he was fit for his first fight. And Bert came out of that fight the victor by a K. O. in five rounds.

From that fight on, his career was assured. Under the management of Jack Monley and the jealous guardianship and teaching of K. O. Crowley, in one year he met some of the most prominent and best welterweights in the country, and defeated the large majority of them decisively, while he lost a few bouts by hair-line decisions.

The next year he went abroad and made a clean sweep of all the foreign welterweights who would meet him. Then he came back and won fifteen fights in quick succession, fourteen by the K. O. route.

The public began to awaken to the fact that a new champion was in the making here. "Who is this unknown phenom under Crowley's wing?" was the question asked throughout the country. The public began to clamor for a match between Bert and Crowley, and many were the attempts made by promoters to sign them up, but to all their fabulous offers Bert gave the same reply — "NO!"

One night Bert, Jack, and Crowley met and talked it over.

"I couldn't fight you, K. O.," said Bert huskily. "Why, man, you've been more than a brother to me ever since Jack picked me up and made me over from a fist-class bum. And another thing—you know every punch I got, and I know yours. That's only natural—you taught me. Dang it, I WON'T fight you, Jack. It'd be like fighting my own brother."

"And I wouldn't like to fight you, Bert, but if you are a better man than I am, I don't want to keep you away from your rightful place."

"I could retire and leave you alone in the field," said Bert.

"No you won't either," exclaimed Crowley.

So matters were left unsettled.

But these two young men were soon to learn that they were in a game for the public, and that the public was to be satisfied, sentiment or no sentiment. Cries arose from all sides for a match. Newspapers shrieked the public sentiment, and it was even implied that both were afraid to lose their wonderful reputations.

And so it went until it finally became unbearable and at last what was thought to be the impossible was accomplished—articles were signed for a bout between Champion Crowley and Bert Malton, the only logical contender for the crown.

Hardest of all was the realization that they would have to separate until after the fight—train separately, and so on. Barely had both of them signed than they bitterly regretted their actions. Both realized that they had actually agreed to try to maul each other to the best of their ability!

The time dragged along until the night of the fight arrived. In the auditorium the vast crowd waited pat-

iently for the appearance of the fighters. Crowley was the first to appear, and he was greeted with a great roar of applause, for he was a popular champion. Then Bert made his appearance and was also given a large and hearty ovation.

The betting odds were against Crowley and the experts declared that the championship was bound to change hands that night. It had been agreed that it should be a fifteen-round, no-decision bout. Bert would have to knock the champion out in order to secure his crown.

The boxers advanced to the center of the ring and shook hands.

"Good luck and God bless you," whispered Bert.

"The same to you."

In the first round Crowley started off with a rush that almost carried Bert off his feet, and took the round by a wide margin. But Bert fought warily and although the champion knew his style, his blows, jabs, and hooks landed often and with telling effect. He took the second, third, and fourth rounds by a close margin. In the fifth round Bert knocked Crowley down for the count of nine, but Crowley rallied and evened up all accounts. The champion took the sixth, and the seventh rounds. The eight and ninth were closely contested and resulted in draws.

"God, why did I ever agree to fight him?" muttered Bert as he sunk into the seat in his corner, while his seconds and trainers rubbed and massaged his body. "God knows every time I score on him it hurts me almost as much as if I received it. Oh, why did I ever consent to fight him, he who is my benefactor—whom I love more than anyone else in the world?"

In his corner, Crowley sat dejectedly, meditating, "I can't fight him, I just can't. Ah, my best friend!"

In the tenth round both men began to weary. One of Bert's right hooks

sent Crowley to the canvas where he cunningly rested for nine seconds. He got up and made for his corner, staggering still from the effect of that lightning-like hook, instinctively covering up.

The arena was in an uproar. Pandemonium broke loose. The great crowd yelled for a knockout. Those who had wagered that Bert would win went into ecstasies. Crowley's partisans were glum and imploring.

And then, as his very last hope, the champion played his trump. Shaking his head impatiently, he put every ounce of energy into his bid for the victory.

"Look out! Look out, Malton!" screamed a ringside supporter of Bert. "His double-feint punch, don't let him land it or you're a goner! His double feint punch!"

No need to warn Bert. Why, he had practised blocking that very same trick over and over again ever since he had trained with Crowley—and

he knew he could upset that particular plan, for he had done it at will after he had gotten the hang of it.

It was all done in a flash. The snake-like feints—the same old thing that had fooled more than one contender for the crown. Then came the crashing lunge, which Bert could easily parry—to go through a wide-open guard, to land flush on the chin!

With a groan, or was it a sigh of relief?—Bert sank limply to the floor and lay outstretched—unconscious—a knockout! Crowley had successfully defended his title. ■■■

Hardly had his fallen friend touched the canvas, than Crowley was on his knees beside him, murmuring brokenly:

"Oh, why did you do it, Bert? why did you let me do it? You had me beaten."

And as Bert lay there like an innocent babe slumbering peacefully, something in his dreams made a little smile spread itself over his visage.

#### GETTING MARRIED

Meet me at eleven, and by twelve we'll be one.

#### GETTING DIVORCED

Meet me at twelve, and by one we'll be two.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dumb: "Whom did your father's wife's husband marry?"

Bell: "He married my mother's husband's wife."

Figure it out.

\* \* \* \* \*

He: "The evening wore on."

She: "Zatso? What did it wear?"

He: "Oh, the close of the day, I guess."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. W: "Your history notes should be written so that even the most stupid can understand them."

Sap: (humbly) "Yes, sir, what part don't you understand, sir?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Boston: "Say, who dated my girl for to-night?"

New York: "Oscar."

Boston: "I did awsk her, but she wouldn't tell"



Spring is here with its relief from the snows and monotony of winter, here with its health-bringing program of joyous out-door sports: baseball, track, golf and tennis. Within a few short days every one of these activities will be in full operation here at the largest boys' high school in New England. English, in the past, has turned out some wonderful teams and has been the training ground for many a famous athlete. Men, who today are high in public life or in sport, got their first inkling of organized and competitive athletics at E. H. S. They learned the value of co-operation and competition and it has served them well in later life. What they have learned you can learn too. There is a place in some sport for every boy. The coaches are only too willing to try a boy out and a little skill or ability assures the boy of the team, trips, a letter and possibly fame! The boy who is "not so good" gets the exercise and the fun minus the fame. Come out for something this Spring, English needs YOU.

\* \* \* \* \*

### TRACK

COMMERCE TAKES THE AIR WHEN E.H.S. RIDES SUPREME TO VICTORY.

MIKE DURAN TAKES SHOT PUT.  
TEAM IN MID SEASON FORM.

English didna make muckle mair ceremony with Commerce than a Hielandman wi'a a roebuck and the school will long mind Chieftain Mc Killop and his bonny team of '23. An unco gude name hae they made for themselves and for the school, who doesna ken the English High track team, Hoot mon, muckle harm will these bairns dae to the Reggie marks.

It's the same old song they sing. "You've beat us again!" Commerce has a good team but E. H. S. has a better one. We went into the meet with confidence and assurance and came through as clean as a whip.

Capt. Rumpf was the Commerce outstanding hero, taking firsts in the broad jump and hurdles. Versatile Mike came back in the lead-heaving contest and pushed the pill for a fist. In the longer runs, Commerce was greatly handicapped by the vast number of E. H. S. men running. We had almost two men to their one. Of course, Capt. Bill showed his heels, but this time the pursuers were men of the 600, half a league behind. He covered the distance in record time, almost out of sight of McNabb and Ken Cullen, second and third respectively. Treanor and Tom Sullivan gave a nifty exhibition of trotting in the 1000 burner, Treanor finally nosing out Tom and winning.

Eight cheers for Coach Murray who has given us another big champ team and who has developed a bunch of boys that are putting Montgomery St. in the atlas. It looks as if track will soon be rivaling football for popularity.

\* \* \* \* \*

HUNTINGTON G.B.I. MEET AT "Y" SCENE OF E.H. S. RELAY WIN OVER COMMERCE.

Not satisfied with whipping H. S. C. in a dual meet the day before, a relay team of English High boys vanquished the team of the Fenway school in a most decisive victory. Pickard, running no 1., really won the race, giving over to his teammates a lead that Commerce could not recover. The team of steppers: Pickard, Foster, Harley, Goldberg, Casey, Game's Success Assured After English won Relay.

The Knights of Columbus need no introduction to the sporting world as the helping hand to track and field. Their big athletic meet at Mechanics Hall on Feb. 17 was a huge success, looking at it from a Montgomery St. view. It was on that night that we again defeated Latin in a four man relay battle, in a race that was won when Walt Daley hit the first corner in the lead and when Charlie Hootstein, premier 300 man, opened up the gap on the 2nd stretch. Cullen, as usual, was right there and gave over a nice lead to Capt. Bill who finished half a lap in front, amid the cheers of the mob and the groans of Latin.

AMERICAN LEGION MEET SETTLES ALL DOUBTS OF MCKILLOP'S PROWESS.

BEATS McDERMOTT IN 2-28 2-5

E. H. S. RELAY BEATS LATIN FOR THIRD TIME.

The great Legion meet on Washington's birthday settled one of the big sporting questions of the year, one that had been argued pro and con all the season.

The question heard so often was (get the was) "can McKillop beat Barney McDermott?" In the schoolboy 1000 at the meet, our Mac took the lead at the gun and with the B.C. H. man on his heels paced the distance for 2.28 2-5. Although several world champions ran during the afternoon this grind between Bill and Barney got the prize applause, and well it should. Remember Bill did 2.28 2-5. and that the Reggie mark is 2.29.

Red MacLaughlin running unattached in the handicap 50-yd dash worked his way into the finals amongst the best dash men in this neck of the woods. With 6 feet, he beat the famed Bernie Wifers for a fifth. Joe Goldberg in the schoolboy dash looked good for awhile but was shut out by inches. Our distinguished relayers, Pickard, Hootstein, Cullen and McKillop raced around the 2 lap per man course in 3 min. 3 sec. beating Latin and coming within 2 sec. of the record. It was a great day all round.

THE MURRAY PROTEGES WIN BY BIG SCORE OVER B. C. HIGH

CHALK UP TOTAL OF 94 POINTS TO OPPONENTS' 60.

E. H. S. WINS WITHOUT STARS.

Running without three of her consistent point winners, and with only seniors competing in the field events, E. H. S. easily downed the formidable track outfit from Boston College High. The Blue and Blue piled up 18 1-2 pts against 14 1-2 in the field events and by means of a strong junior-senior team took the track events. We were without Maguire in the high jump and hurdles, Daley in the dash and Capt. McKillop in the 1000. McLaughlin, back from the ineligibles, came in first in the

senior 50. Charlie Hootstein was nosed out in the 300 and had to rest content with 2nd. Harry Fitzpatrick, former hurdler, lost a first because of a poor start. Jim Flahive took third. Mc Nabb and Cullen, as usual, finished 1 and 2 in the 600 with Whitehead 4th. Treanor, double place winner, won the 1000 over Tom Sullivan. The intermediates were rather weak except for the clever sprinting of the star 50 man, Mr. Danny Grunt. But the Juniors, except for one place, swept clean, Jordan and Finn starring brilliantly.

### RELAY CARNIVAL

E. H. S. SENIOR 1 LAP TEAM TAKES THRILLING RACE FROM BRIGHTON BY AN INCH.  
BLUE AND BLUE JUNIOR AGGREGATION BEATS EAST BOSTON AND EQUALS RECORD.  
LATIN 2 LAP FOUR WIN IN NEW TIME.

The sixth annual Boston day high and Latin school relay carnival at the East Armory March 10 was productive of enough thrills and sterling competition to satisfy the keenest fan. Almost every race of the afternoon was nip and tuck throughout, a fight from start to tape. Two records were taken down in the course of the program and another mark was equalled. Considering the number of schools entered, the crowd was very small. Yea bo, small in numbers, oh yes, but not dumb when it came to protests.

Good old E. H. S. just about managed to break even. First honors came to her when the crack Blue and Blue junior four took the 1-2 lap championship title of the city, beating East Boston and Latin, and equalling the record of 54-1. Hats off to Shapiro, Johnson, Maister, and Gordon, our speedy little juniors. But, alas, Latin came forth with an outfit in the senior 2 lap contest that humbled English and the rest proper. Not only did they win by 15 yds. but they hung up a new record. Their time for the 1480 yds. was clocked as 2.58 4 - 5. Nice work. Haggerty, Latin's super-runner opened up a lead over Pickard, which was kept almost even the entire course. Capt. McKillop running third gained some over the Latin Capt. Hunt but the task was too great and anchor man McNabb had to be content to finish 15 yds to the bad. The senior 2 lap team: 1. Pickard, 2. Cullen, 3. Capt. McKillop, 4. McNabb. Latin's intermediate 1 lap bunch struck a fast spot on the big track and raced to victory over the ill fated English quartet (Cohen, Bonitto, DeMarco, Grunt.) But, (now comes the flowers and Karo) we made up for every thing in the last relay of the day when Bill McLaughlin, Joe Goldberg, Fred Maguire and Walt Daley beat Brighton for the champ title and scored the most popular victory of the day. The race was even until the very last lap, when on the home stretch, the Brighton anchor almost passed Daley. Walt's manly chest hit the worsted just about 2 inches in front and saved the day for the Murray proteges.

### SWIMMING

BLUE AND BLUE SWIMMERS DROWN B. C. HIGH 29-25  
TAKE CITY CHAMPIONSHIP BY WIN

B. C. H., there she stands. Run away from in track, drowned in swimming. After a mediocre season of defeats from college and large prep teams, the water dogs of Capt. Kunz came back and took Boston College High for the city championship.

The score 29-25 is evidence of the keen competition. So close were the events that the outcome of the entire meet rested upon the final event of the day, the relay, which English won. The team, (Capt. Kunz, London, Ullman, Ferguson) fully realizing the importance of the race, gave everything, and from the start opened up a short lead which was kept right through to the finish. The home stretch was a honey, Ferguson, E., with his short, choppy strokes, fighting it out with Doyle, B. C. H., for honors and just winning by a fraction.

Boston College High was generally supposed to be unbeatable, having scored 23 points against Brookline High, the strongest team in the state. But it takes old E. H. S. to show 'em up. Captain Kunz, graceful high diver took his usual first with a performance of thrillers. Ullman, speedy 100 man, propelled his way into first in that event and broke the tape with Novitch third. The breath holder, the plunger for distance was captured by Bornstein, with Hy London, third place taker in the 200, third here also. Ferguson, by dint of sufficient speed and pep, took the prize in the 50, sending Ullman into third.

'Gratulations, Gordon.

Thus ends the swimming season of the year 1922-23 Captain Kunz and Manager Max Barron have worked hard for their team and now have their due reward, the city championship.

Letter men of this year's team will be announced in the next issue.

Nice work, team.

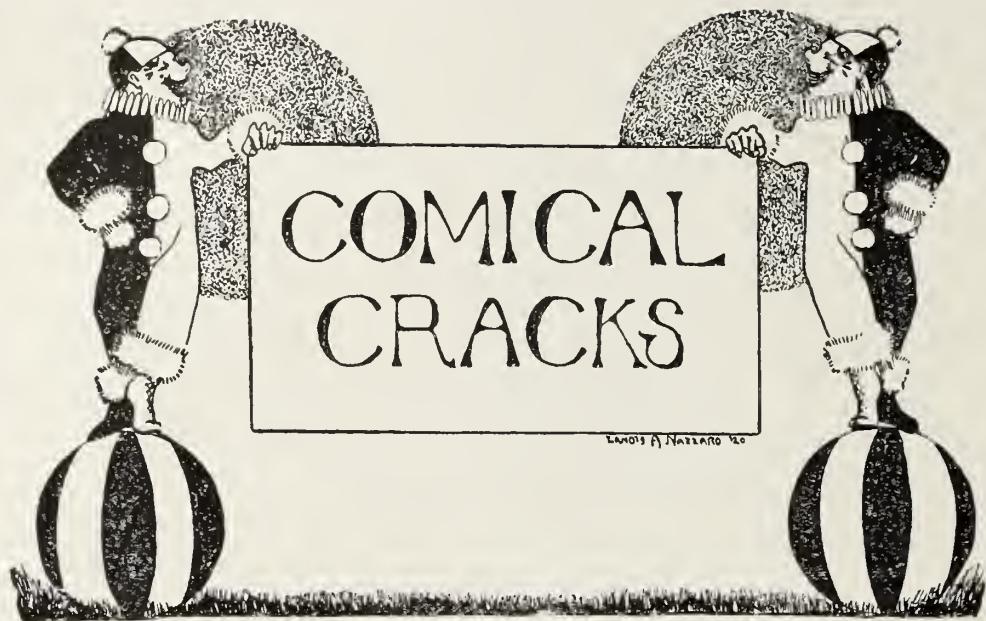
## BASEBALL

Mike Duran was an all-interscholastic tackle last fall; this winter he amused himself on the hockey and track teams; and now, now, in ye bright spring, he is captaining the E. H. S. nine and bids fair to outshine even George Owen for publicity. With Capt. Duran in the outfield, Smith and Flynn pitching, Whitehead and Parker receiving, Norton on short, Comfrey at third, Cooperstein covering the middle sack and Fred Murray coaching we are going to make baseball history. We are going to turn out a team that will rival the famous nine of 1918, the nine on which Al Kroog made opposing batters look like Patagonian windmills. Art Smith, last year's runner up for captain and this year's probable pitcher has a control on the sphere that takes 'em all. Art is somewhat versatile himself, football, hockey, track, orator, etc. Porky Flynn, speedy Junior, will give Art a nice battle for the mound position. Both are thoroughly experienced in ball craft and will give Coach Murray some real backing. Manager Roger McCann has arranged a corking schedule, first game in a couple of weeks.

All hail to the National Pastime.

## RIFLE TEAM

Capt. Bill Jacobs, crack shot of the trigger pullers, tells us that his team is due for another championship this year. The team is out once a week plugging practice targets at the Bay State School of Musketry. Six boys have letters and the entire team are making big scores. Manager McNeil is getting his schedule together and hopes to take on the best teams in the state. Some of the meets will be "telegraphic," targets from the teams competing will be exchanged and the team with the highest scores win. Easy enough. In this way, E. H. S. can shoot with Australia or Cochin China or East Burlan and never have to leave the fireside.



Getting out a paper is no picnic  
 If we print jokes folks say we are silly,  
 If we don't they say we are too serious.  
 If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety.  
 If we publish things from other papers we are too lazy to write.  
 If we stay on the job, we ought to be out rustling news.  
 If we are rustling news, we are not attending to business in our department.  
 If we don't print contributions we don't show proper appreciation.  
 If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.  
 Like as not some fellow will say we swiped this from an exchange.  
 So we did.

—*Lewis and Clark Journal*

Father: "Helen, isn't it about time you were entertaining the prospect of matrimony?"

Helen: "Not quite, pa. He doesn't call until eight o'clock."

—*The Arklight*

\* \* \* \* \*

### COMICAL CRACKS

Alas! Alas, school-mates, it has entered our holy domain. It is upon us, and it is black, yea, verily, as black as night. What, oh what shall we do with these black collars?

\* \* \* \* \*

### IN MEMORIAM

To a chemistry student who drank Sulphuric Acid, thinking it to be water.  
 Here lie the remains of William Dough;  
 Now he is no more,  
 For what he thought was H<sub>2</sub>O  
 Was H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>.

Rich lady: "It worries me to keep my jewels always in my home."

Friend (who is a robber): "Oh, don't worry. (Hums) 'I'll pack up your troubles in my old kit bag and smile, smile, smile.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

Have you ever heard the song, "The wedding cake was heavy, but the candles made it light."

\* \* \* \* \*

A Londoner looking over a country estate was startled by a peculiar screeching noise.

"I say, old chap," he asked the agent, "what was that?"

"An owl."

"My word, my dear man, I know that—but what was 'owling?'"

\* \* \* \* \*

#### IN MERRY ENGLAND

Harve: You've got to pay this bill, sir."

Gawge: "My word!"

Harve: "No, sir, I want cash."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Why is it that foot-ball players are usually so poor in their studies?"

"Well they're so used to hitting 'em low."

\* \* \* \* \*

He: "That man is the ugliest person I ever saw."

She: "Hush, dear, you forget yourself."

\* \* \* \* \*

Farmer: "Willie, you're a pig. Do you know what a pig is?"

Son: "Yes, father, a pig is a hog's little boy."

\* \* \* \* \*

Tailor measuring coat for customer: "How about pockets, sir?"

"Quart size, please."

\* \* \* \* \*

Ike: "He was surely a fore-sighted man."

Mike: "How so?"

Ike: "Well, he had a fire extinguisher put in his coffin."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I'll tell the world," said the Atlas when it left the printing shop.

\* \* \* \* \*

Captain: "Well, how many fathoms?"

Mate: "I can't touch bottom yet, sir."

Captain: "Dawgunnit man, how near do you come?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Are you a mind reader?"

"Yes."

"Can you read my mind?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you go there?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Sole: "Did you hear about the accident yesterday?"

Heel: "No, what happened?"

Sole: "An automobile ran into a garage."

"Say, do you know, my grandfather holds the record for living a long time."  
 "Zatso?"

"Uhuh. He died at one hundred and forty."

"One hundred and forty!"

"Yep. One hundred and forty Tremont Street."

\* \* \* \* \*

Ike: "My mother-in-law just died."

Mike: "Zatso? Did she leave any real estate?"

Ike: "Uhuh. She left the earth."

Mike: "I mean, did she leave anything."

Ike: "Sure, I married what she left."

---

### SERENADE

*(By a young gentleman with a head cold)*

Guitar.

Plunk, plink plunk, plink plunk, plunk plunk.

Voice.

The bood shides brightly. Id the sky

The twigglig stars appear;

The wid is bakig soghs ad I

Ab siggig to you, dear.

Oped your widdow and look dowd!

I flig a rose to you.

Oh, pid it od your evedig gowd

That I bay dow you're true.

I'be sorry that I have catarrh,

But thig I do do wrog

By twagglig od by dew guitar

Ad siggig you this sog.

I'll cub aged toborrow dight

Udless it chadce to raid

Ad sig a belody bore bright

Bedeath your widdow pade.

Good dight, my owd! The bood has god

Behide yod baple tree;

Ad I do bore cad ligger od.

Sleep sweet ad dreab of be!

Guitar (id the distadce)

Plug, plig plug, plig plug, plug plug!

—C. H. S.



Many new ideas have come to us through our exchanges, among them the following:

The OPINATOR, from Kingston, Pa., prints an interesting article about Chas. Steinmetz, the greatest living electrical engineer, and how he got that title. After all other engineers, including Lambie, Westinghouse's great engineer, had failed in repairing the immense power machines of the Westinghouse plant at Niagara Falls, it was found necessary to call in Charles Steinmetz, the Consulting Engineer of a competing concern. On finishing the job, he sent in a bill for \$100,000.00 to the Westinghouse people. When a lawsuit was begun at this claimed outrage, Steinmetz' reply on the witness stand was, "What do you think you can secure the services of the greatest electrical engineer in the world for?" Then some one raised the question, "Why, who is the greatest engineer?" "I, Steinmetz," came the reply proudly, yet not boastfully.

\* \* \* \* \*

The latest thing we have seen is "The Chicago H. S. News," a weekly composed of news from all over the city, news of interest to every high school student, no matter what his school. We are yet in doubt as to whether this exchange is a scholastic enterprise or a commercial venture of some firm, but it is a unique idea at the least. Headlined is the big school-prom, due in a few days, then a city-wide swimming meet, and other interesting events. The edition is featured by a powerful editorial on athletics. Here's some meat for ye ambitious thinkers: "Could some such proposition be put across here in Boston?"

\* \* \* \* \*

The Radio Column of the Dubuque H. S. News, Iowa, is a regular success, which may be compared in quality with those printed by the leading newspaper experts. The writer has tried some snappy programs, including write-ups of the parts and assembly of crystal and regenerative receivers, of broadcasting stations, of possibilities of the further development of radio, and of various schemes and incidents that have come up from time to time.

At Spokane, Wash., the Lewis and Clark School Football Captain will be an honorary position in every sense. The 1923 captain will not be elected by the 1922 players or the letter men at the end of their season but will be elected at the end of the '23 football season as the man who has been the greatest inspiration to the team in the season just past. The coach will select a temporary team cap-

tain before each game, and this fellow will act in that capacity during that contest only. The article states that this policy is in accordance with the one already followed by several colleges and universities in the country. This school also awards certificates to certain deserving athletes who have failed to earn an athletic letter.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### EXCHANGES—COMMENTS

We recently received a copy of the JOURNAL from Worcester Polytechnic Institute. It is a fine magazine, well made up, and with every article or department serving a definite purpose. The practical, engineering articles are especially appropriate in an undergraduate publication.

\* \* \* \* \*

The OPTIMIST, South Side H. S., Newark, N. J.:—"Not So Bad," your versified account of the great game was pretty good after all. You have a snappy exchange column. Why not individualize it with a cut and page of its own? A brief, thoughtful essay or an interesting article of some sort would be a valuable addition. (Eh! Don't say: "Practice what you preach.") We notice the end of the Honor Roll intermingled with the jokes. This is rather suggestive, or is it merely an incentive to the honored (?) ones to work harder still?

\* \* \* \* \*

The SPECTATOR, Browne and Nichols School, Cambridge:—How about a few more jokes and then a department to put them in? You have a fine cut at the head of your exchange department, though why you should choose that place for it is beyond us. Do you imply that this particular part on the magazine is symbolic of rest and peace? Evidently you can't have followed the "Record" exchanges long.

\* \* \* \* \*

The CHANDELIER, South Boston High School:—You have a good literary department for a new paper. After you get going, some good, clever cuts will be in order.

\* \* \* \* \*

The LINDBLOM EAGLE from Chicago has the largest and best mid-year graduation number of all papers we have yet seen. Besides being profuse in clear cuts and illustrations, it prints a class poem that is fine in all ways—poetic, sensible, thoughtful.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### AS WE ARE SEEN

RECORD, English H. S., Boston—The two stories you have are very interesting, but why not add a few more? You also have a very good exchange department.

*Blue Owl*, Attleboro, Mass.

\* \* \* \* \*

RECORD, English H. S., Boston—The "Lebon" number had a great deal of interesting reading. Why don't you have more illustrations? Your football and track teams are a great crowd of good material, and we predict success in your athletics. "Personals" are cleverly written up. We would suggest more jokes.

*—Lindblom Eagle*, Chicago

(Due to an error this article was not printed before.)

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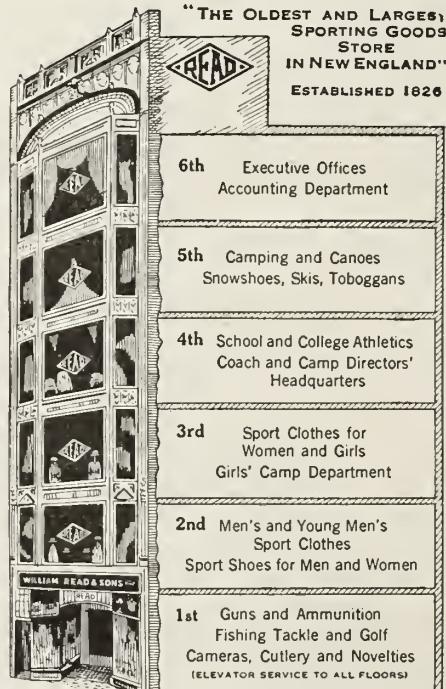
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